



"Mission accomplished."

And it all started here. In the dark. With a choice.

{text:child_name} leaned back slightly, watching the blue world grow larger in the window. A quiet smile formed. Not the wild joy of a moment ago—something deeper now. Something earned.

The voice of fear from before was gone.

In its place something steady. Something {text:child_name} had not carried before this mission. Not just courage, but proof.

Proof that training had never quite taught: Courage is not the absence of fear... it is choosing to keep going even when your hands are shaking, even when the voice says stop, even when the light is blinding and the pull too strong.

Courage is a choice. And {text:child_name} chose courage.